“Victorian Bloom”
Koopaboo

How flowers speak—
kisses imbued in petals,
constancy pressed in lace.

Bluebells bow,
gloved hands clasped in prayer,
a promise folded in time.

Sweet peas linger,
a thank you, a farewell,
May is lost in April.

An angel visits,
dust of the 1800s on his wings,
love letters in the garden,
knowing.